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# revolt

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NO. 25

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### The Coming Elections.

The elections are fast approaching and preparations are rapidly making. All that is necessary for electioneering propaganda is to get one's name put forward by individuals as well as political parties. So far as our province is concerned the elections will have its usual thunders, lightnings, effusions, vapourings and manoeuvres. In other countries at the time of the elections the contesting parties or candidates place before the electorate their qualifications and the work they "turned out in the past. Personalities or sanctity of party names do not play any part, and in fact cannot play any part also. Quibblings, interpretations and fine-cutting promises do not help the candidates of other countries, as they do in our province.

Samples of such effusions and manoeuvres are already begun. The Swarajists of Madras who are famous for their unadulterated patriotism, their indomitable courage, their bearding the bureaucratic lion in its own den, have begun their vicious propaganda. They know full well that the cries of "Vandemataram" and "Allah-ho-Akbar", will no longer help them. Even as the Vedic hymns have lost their supernatural powers of bringing down rain at will, and cursing the enemies, these two mantras of Bharatamatha have, even before the last elections, lost their power of securing single votes. The Swarajists, who are past masters in the art of deluding the public, played their game at the head of the inevitable Mussolini of Mysapore in the name of Mr. Gandhi. It was at the last elections, that "Gandhi-ki-Jai" was utilised as a successful weapon on the election field. And the years

that followed were not so happy. Gandhi came to be regarded only as the name of an individual, and not a qualification for the candidates. The Swarajists by and by came to realise how the time has come to prove their past history to be nothing but a camouflage.

Now that the elections are drawing nearer, the Independents in collaboration with the Swarajists, are trying fresh attempts to succeed, not in the despicable "job-hunting", but in "obstructing the Government within its four-walls". Some of the erstwhile Congress wallahs are already at the game of forming a National party with no objections to office while admitting that Diarchy is a failure and must be ended. The Swarajist Deputy leader has already prepared the ground for "office". Sriman. Srinivasan Iyengar, in spite of his bragging patriotism is an Iyengar at heart. The history of his support to the Independent binami ministry and his followers' bid for office is fresh in the memory of his chelas who know his acclamations for what they are worth. "Job-hunting" is a slogan to work the public against the Justice party. "Independence" is an election star in which neither the leader of the party nor his followers believe. What about the obstruction tactics of the Swarajists, their national demands, boycotts and what not? What was the result of the national demand? A grand walk-out, and a grander entry into the council halls. What about the boycotts? "Simon-go back" was the cry intended for the public but the Nehru Constitution was for the Commission's perusal.

This is the part history of the Swarajists' fury, red in tooth and claw. They succeeded in their nefarious campaign so far but they can never do so hereafter. Their Congress is up again with the old game. Boycott of foreign cloth, prohibition of drinks and the removal of untouchability are the three items on the Congress programme. Burning

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of foreign cloth has had its laudable career, and at Calcutta was performed the cremation of the programme by the Mahatma himself with the dakshina of a rupee. None need be serious about the untouchability programme since the originators themselves know that it is a thing which won't help them in their game. As for prohibition, the Chota Gandhi is up in arms against the evil. "Messages" are being manufactured from London in support of his programme. The very leader who stopped picketing of liquor shops at Madura after a few scores of volunteers had been clapped in prison and in order to appease his followers, invented the "Nagpur flag" while Lalbore-flag fight started by Mrs. Sarojini Devi was ignored,—is now seriously bent upon his prohibition programme. The readers are aware that he was likewise serious about it a few months before the last elections.

The future is yet hopeful for the Swarajist election programme. Mr. Gandhi is touring Andhra-desa and the echo of his propaganda is likely to be heard in Tamilnad also. The "puss-foot" of Tiruchengode is a sly cat indeed! Mr. Rajaj and the Hindu Nationalism have had their sojourn in Tamilnad. A few thousands of rupees are at their disposal. The Leader and the Secretary of the Hindi movement are those who won't count the folly of knowing the national language. Good election agents are they!

All these preparations for the forthcoming elections may not stand in good stead as far as Tamil Nad is concerned. The Swarajist vandalism, and the Congress hoodwinking are spent bullets, but the Swarajists' brain is resourceful. "Religion in danger" is the slogan of Nationalism. The infidels must be impaled, the Self-respectors and the Justicites. The Pandits with their passion of Gnanasambanda fresh with the blood stains of the Jains are up in arms against the infidels. The Council Swargal shall not accommodate the infidels. A few years ago, when the Endowments Act was on the anvil, the Swarajists raised a hue and cry but they were then mere novices in this trade of religion. Unaided and unsupported they couldn't succeed. Now then are pandits in plenty who are prepared to stand by them. They are now adepts in the art of fraud and camouflage. Congress, it may be argued, has nothing to do with gods and godliness. But the lawyer brain must certainly have an explanation which is not vouchsafed to the commonsensed man. "Patriotism is Godliness" is the new interpretation of Congress nationalism.

So we have the new code of Samuel Johnson, "God-head is the last resort of a scoundrel." The Swarajists are free to go about bragging unchecked, and hoodwinking the public into the belief that the Justicites and the Self-respectors are Atheists. Gods must

be saved, and the Justicites must be driven out of the Council. The peoples' passion for god must be exploited, and this is best done through the "gods". "Vote for the Swarajists and save your gods" is to be the election-cry hereafter. Indeed the gods on earth, the "bhoo-suras" hope to attract devotees from the "foot-born slaves". Swara, ki-jai! But alas, the Swarajist is so blind that he can never see that there is no dearth for thinking men in the country even in the age of Swarajism.

## Divorce in Hindu Marriage.

We publish elsewhere in this issue, the text of the resolution concerning the dissolution of Hindu Marriage, passed in the U. P. Social Conference, presided over by the veteran woman-leader, Mrs. Uma Nehra. We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the note of warning sounded by Mr. Chintamani, that if men were lukewarm to the cause of women the inauguration of a husband's protection league will be the inevitable sequel. No reform is complete without marriage reform, and in our opinion, nothing is more cruel than the so-called sacrament of Hindu marriage. In countries where monogamy is in vogue, it may be argued that divorce is unnecessary, affecting both parties. But in the Hindu Society, man is free to compound his marriages as possible, but woman is bound in a life-long party to one's cruelly and selfishly.

While advanced marriage systems are wanting in perfect even a hindu is not free at marriage reforms as indicated by the opposition in a country that clamours for the reformation. Orthodoxy will, of course, be up to the burden of the song that "religion is in danger". The South Indian reformers, Smritis, will be also busy with the interpretations of the Vedas, and the learned expositions of the sublimities of Hindu philosophy. Advocates of Divorce are in the usual scriptural. The pandits are already busy with their sing-song lectures interspersed with profuse quotations from the puranas. And there is the inevitable god to help them, preservers of religion. We wish to remind them that Miss Mayo's second book is already out. Let us not, in our piety and godliness, make her purse heavier, by supplying materials for a third volume.

We are not yet prepared to extend even the barest human rights to the millions of our down-trodden brethren. Hindus are the only people of this earth who are working for their self-anihilation by striking at the very root of their existence.—*Bhai Paramanandh.*

"Selfishness is the only real atheism, aspiration, unselfishness the only real religion."—*Zangwill.*



## The Marriage Tragedy.

(By Kirk).

*Place:* A furnished drawing-room in a bungalow.

*Time:* Evening.

Kamala, the English-educated landlady is seated in a chair, in a pensive mood.

Vasudev, Kamala's husband, comes in with a tennis racket in his hand.

*Vasudev:* So, you are here, Kamala, up, it's high time we are in the club. Make haste, or we shall be late for the tournament. We shouldn't you know, disappoint our friends that eagerly await our presence in the tennis court.

*Kamala:* Ah, my beloved, (hides a deep sigh behind a beguiling smile) Our friends?—yes, yes, I mustn't disappoint them, but.....

*Vas:* Well, Kamala, I can't be lending any ears to your butts. I don't know what's happening to you nowadays. Make haste, it's already late.

*Kam:* Your ears can't forbear my butts, is that so? Then,.....have I your permission to say no?

*Vas:* (in a fury) I am completely upset, Mrs. Vasudev, I am alive to the fact that you are becoming cold day by day. The fault is not yours. I curry your favour, and you spurn at me. I worship you and you crush me under your feet. The fault is absolutely mine, that of my love, my care and my sacrifice.

(Kamala stares straight at Vasudev's face, and pearls of contemptuous laughter roll from her lips).

*Vas:* You laugh, madam, to make me burn with shame? I can put up with your coldness and contempt no more. No more shall I be the docile fool that I was, to be excusing your wilfulness, foolhardiness.

*Kam:* Well done, my dear Sir. Please don't be startled when I address you sir. Once in your life, you speak in my presence like a man. Can your courage, the badge of your race face a naked truth, uttered from the lips of one whom you call Mrs. Vasudev?

*Vas:* (Throws away the racket in a fury) Give the beggar a horse and the devil will ride it! Go on.....

*Kam:* My dear sir, I want to be plain to you. We have lived together these five years and you know I have played my part very well. I cannot do so any more. I will never more be your wife, a dandy adorned to please others, a slave girl dancing to the tune of her master, an incense to the vanity of an autocrat. The rebellious nature in me, so far dormant is asserting itself and I shall say what I feel. In short, I can never more be your female. I say I am a woman.

*Vas:* The devil take you! Aye, I was a fool indeed. I implicitly believed you. It was

my fault, none other's. Dare you say before the thinking world that you are a woman, only now that you discard your husband. Nay, nay! It is only now that you have degraded yourself to the position of a female, a wretched bitch.

(Feels for the revolver in the waist coat pocket but is overpowered with passion and with difficulty checks an outburst of tears)

I now see, clear as crystal, what is wrong with you. The devil of Ramakant, the bragging vagabond of a social reformer has worked you up. I now understand why you are cold to me, why you turn pale in my presence. Your tenderness for that villain, your panting after his presence, is an open book to me. You don't speak all this. It is he that speaks from your stealthy bosom. Alas! I am undone. For God's sake, Kamala, remember that you are a mother of two children. I beg of you not to become the mother of infamy and degradation as well. Don't be ungrateful to me. Oh God!

*Kam:* (with indignation) 'Ungrateful! No more of such nonsense, please. I need none of your gods to threaten me into servility, wretchedness and hypocrisy. Nights and days have I spent bestowing deep thought on your adoration, your care on my behalf. The blood of a wife has completely gone dry in me. I only burn with indignation. I don't mind your shooting me down as you would do your bitch when she is no more useful. I will be glad that my life's mission is fulfilled. You hunt me down with your revolver even as you hunted after me in those days. You will be hailed as a martyr for your chivalry. Why should I shrink from such an honourable death? I welcome with all my heart a death that will end the life of shame and hypocrisy, the life of a wife.

*Vas:* (temper cools down) Kamala, my beloved! Pardon my folly. I provoked you unwittingly. You are sick. Your face is as pale as marble. I was a fool to have spoken harsh words that cut you to the quick. You are getting delirious, my darling. Rest, rest Kamala on the sofa (lending his hand to help her to the sofa) Pardon me, my heart's delight! I am sure Kamala, you are not serious.

*Kam:* (tearing away from Vasudev's clasp) Sick indeed, sir! I am sick, awfully sick of my soul. I am, neither delirious nor playful. I am really serious when I tell you that no true love can exist between man and woman. I can never be a wife. Don't doubt my seriousness. I was never so serious before in my life. You crave for my love and I will be too glad to give it, but alas! I have tried and tried in vain. It is not possible for any woman. Let me tell you what I feel. Truth is like a mountain torrent which no human hand can prevent from pouring forth with all its force.



Pause and think and you cannot but realise that no woman can love a man under the present circumstances of our society. No-body is at fault if love is so strained. Love is the life blood of equal partners. To expect love of a slave girl for her master is utter idiocy. That is the bane of our race, as well. We may play our parts as wives too well, win the applause of men, be praised for the so-called virtue of chastity, be even worshipped for our feminine qualities of head and heart. The seed of slavery all the while lies hidden in the tell-tale bosom of a wife. It is no wonder if we hate men the husbands, and hide it behind the kiss of our rosy lips.

[Kamala speaks out.]

Know ye, Gentlemen, I am born of educated parents. I have a brother named Shanker, two years younger than myself. Please lend your ears to my life's story which is the story of the woman-race as well. Our parents were English educated people. They surrounded us with all comforts. They brought us up in a style which will win for them applause from the present day society. Ever since the day I was able to think, I began to feel that I was a girl. My parents bestowed special attention on me. My brother, even though younger than myself, used to wait upon me at home and escort me when out-side. The boys of my locality looked upon me and the girls of the place with awe as something abnormal that requires special attention. It was in this fashion that society sowed in us the seed of feminism. Then came the days of dress and ornaments. The boys were free to roam about and loot all pleasure in play. They need pleasure, no beauty. But beauty is a thing specially needed for a girl. She must be well dressed. She must be made attractive. There is nothing in her of intrinsic value. She must be made lovable. So I was made to shine in coloured sarees and shining blouses. My nose and ears were bored and pendants of barbaric lustre were thrust in them.

This was the first schooling I had in my house and I had learnt to look upon myself as one who has no right of existence but for the attraction, pleasure and adoration of others. Subsequently I was sent to a school where all girls were segregated. I graduated in the Queen Mary's college. The education that we received then could not cure us of our inferiority complex but I should even say, aggravated it. Epic works and romantic novels bristling with sentimental love made women feel that they were beautiful doves whom men should hunt after, capture and fondle. This is the essence of romance. Man's overtures and woman's swoon is the crux of epic theme. We had our religious books too. They taught us that we were fallen ones who are a stumbling block to the heaven-bound pilgrims. Scriptural morality

taught me to look down upon women and enjoined upon them to forsake themselves if they should follow the path of righteousness. The burning sense of our slavery would have burst forth into a conflagration but we were helpless. We were merely groping in the dark.

It was then that the women in the West rose up against the tyranny of man, I mean the Suffragist movement. A ray of hope in the dark horizon, and we thanked ourselves. A sense of womanhood asserted itself in us mingled with a passionate hatred for man. No more shall man feast his hungry eyes upon the long black tresses, we thought. Some of us shingled our hair and this raised a storm of protest in the country. Scandal was rife and my parents were unhappy for a time. Time cured society as well as my parents of their superstition. At least they began to think that it is a calamity that they cannot avert. The women won their battle and the women franchise was an accomplished fact. Our revolution, silent though it was, worked a miracle in some of the young men of our country, whose catholicism of love made them knight-errants. Our hearts beat violently to find them boisterously praising to the skies the shingled heads and the spectacled eyes. Flowing tresses and lotus eyes had ceased to charm them.

It was at this stage I married Mr. Vasudev. I thought I had freedom, I had love, but alas! It was a startling revelation. Marriage is a fall—a literal fall—for a woman and her freedom in marriage is a sham. Once more I felt I was a degraded being. I discovered that a woman in womanly features cannot be a man's equal partner. She must be masculine if she should attract man. This created a disgust in my womanhood, the gilded slavery. Marriage with a man called Vasudev made me Mrs. Vasudev. There was no place for my ego. I longed to hear my name Kamala pronounced. None but my husband did dare to address me by my name but that could not please me, because, behind the sentimental wordy phrases lay hidden the naked fact that I was his appendage.

The man who calls himself my husband says he lavished his love upon me. He says he sacrificed everything for my comfort. True, but he wants me to be grateful for all that. Gentlemen, you see for yourselves if I have not repaid all his adoration in the same coin? He played the husband and I played the part of a wife. I pleased his friends, who were satisfied with my masculine portrayal. It pleased him to lavish everything valuable on me and the praises of his friends was sufficient recompense. I played his games of tennis and football and made my husband feel proud in his possession of a well-trained animal. Some of the ill-informed sisters laughed at my new ways but it only added to my value, and I was a Kohinoor in the diadem of my husband-king.



I gave birth to two boys so that they may inherit his property and feed his fancies. He never felt that I had an individuality. No man ever feels that a woman has her ego as well. She has as much right as man to think for herself and to act for herself. Man wants that she must be a good wife, in other words, a licensed prostitute.

Now, the woman in me stands up in revolt against the shams of religion, tradition, morality and culture that man has devised to enslave women. My voice is the voice of a woman, the voice of my race. I shall declare from house tops that a free woman can never more be the wife of a man. The future woman shall be a potent woman, the guiding star of her own destinies.

(Turning to Mr. Vasudev.)

Sir, do you now understand why I am resolved not to be a wife. I am sick-in flesh, blood and soul. The society with its ignorant brutality and impotent enlightenment makes life intolerable for me. Mr. Vasudev, shoot me, I beseech you, I beg of you, in the name of the love you bear me, to shoot me down, and end the life of a woman's shame. With your chivalrous shot, complete the marriage tragedy.

(Screen falls.)

## U. P. Social Conference.

### DISSOLUTION OF HINDU MARRIAGE.

The fifth session of the U. P. Social Conference was held on Sunday the 31st March at Lucknow, under the Presidency of Mrs. Uma Nehru.

The following resolution was moved by Mr. Pandit Krishna Prasad Kaul:— This conference is of opinion that steps be taken at an early date to enact legislation to sanction dissolution of Hindu marriage at least in cases of (1) desertion and (2) cruelty by husband.

He said that it was natural that a new movement should meet with misgivings, fears and unintelligent opposition. His appeal was not addressed to those who were opposed to all reform but to the supporters of the social conference to the advocates of social reform. This resolution was complementary to the resolution on widow remarriage. If the conference allowed a widow to remarry in the event of the physical death of the husband, why should the conference not allow remarriage in the event of desertion and cruelty by husbands when her condition was no better than that of widowhood. It was no use quoting statistics from France, America and other foreign countries, as the grounds of divorce were limited only to desertion and cruelty. Indian conditions were different. It might be urged that this innovation was not necessary for Hindu society in view of the

raity of cases covered by this resolution. But he was not convinced that such cases were as few as not to call for a legal remedy. Statistics were not available but his investigations had shown that in the small community of Kashmiri E. L. there were 14 cases of desertion of wives by husbands, out of which in about half the cases, the husbands had taken to new wives. He gave further instances of widows' homes, a fair percentage of the inmates of which were not widows, but deserted wives either actually driven out by husbands or forced to leave their husbands because of the impossibility of living with them. He then took up the commonly urged plea that the Hindu marriage was a spiritual sacrament, not a civil contract. If it was a religious sacrament, an indissoluble spiritual tie, it must be so for both parties, not only for the weaker party. In practice it was the reverse of an indissoluble spiritual tie for the husband.

He further instanced cases of contractual marriage from the Vedas and said that though such marriages might have been few, they were not unknown. He then quoted from Manu who contemplates five causes under which a wife can remarry in the life-time of the husband. Katyayana and Vashista also recognise about half a dozen causes similarly. Though the word divorce might not occur in the authorities legalised separation and remarriages were recognised. Even if it be granted that the causes calling for the legal remedy of divorce were very few among them there was no valid reason why justice should be denied to even a few dumb and oppressed victims. He wound up with a passionate appeal to the audience to carry his resolution unlike the previous conferences which had thrown it out.

Mr. Chintamani, seconding the resolution, first referred to the militant statement hung right above the head of the president that women must be emancipated from the bondage of men and said that he had been discussing with some friends whether the time had not come for a husband's protection league to be formed so that the tables might not be turned against them. Proceeding, he said that the resolution before them was a serious proposition which deserved the complete and active support of every enlightened man. If the basis of the social reform movement was to secure justice to every individual unit of society, if its motive and purpose was to see that no section of the community suffered from disabilities on account of birth or of sex, he thought that no one could offer any valid opposition to the resolution. Mr. Chintamani added that the delegates who had assembled in the Conference would forfeit all title to be called social reformers or advocates of justice and liberty if they did not vote for this resolution.



Mr. Surendra Nath Verma moved an amendment which urged a dissolution 'particularly in cases of misconduct, bigamy, desertion and cruelty by either party to the marriage.' Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu seconded the amendment moved by Mr. Verma. Pandit Krishna Prasad Kaul, the mover, announced that if the conference was in favour of widening the scope of his resolution he was wholeheartedly in favour of it. He restricted its scope only to make it more acceptable to the conference. He accepted the amendment.

The resolution as amended, was put to vote and carried.

## What is Truth?

*Jesus answered: "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."*

*Pilate saith unto him: "What is truth?"*

According to the belief in which most of us have been brought up, Pilate's question was answered almost as soon as it was spoken. The act of crucifixion, to which he delivered Christ, was the climax of a revelation. A divine revelation. A revelation designed by God for the eternal illumination of the human mind and the complete salvation of the human soul.

That was about two thousand years ago. To-day the vast majority of people are not even nominally Christian. Among those nominally Christian the majority are either openly sceptical or merely indifferent, while the minority are riven into sects perpetually disputing over the real meaning of the revelation.

Since the dawn of organized Christianity the argument "about it and about" has never ceased. Among the first Christians there were differences of opinion on whether Christ had come to save the Jews in particular or the Gentiles in general. Early Church Councils were marked by violent and sometimes bloody recriminations on points of divine doctrine. When the Church grew powerful it developed its missionary service on a large scale and, finding even its supernatural message slow of acceptance, hastened the good work of conversion with crusades of slaughter and pillage.

Later, from within the Church itself, there grew up an organized revolt against the errors which the Church taught. The reformers claimed to have found the true truth in the Bible, not in the traditions of the Church. Since the Reformation the Roman Church has held obstinately to its errors, while the Protestants have produced a multitude of competing sects, each one claiming to represent the genuine essence of the divine revelation.

A hundred years ago every protestant believed without the least hesitation, that the Bible was literally the Word of God. Today this belief survives here and there as a mental curiosity. Among educated people it has vanished, along with the religious belief in miracles, in the efficacy of holy relics, in the earth being the centre of the Universe, in the existence of demons, in witchcraft, in the eternal damnation of all but a few selected souls.

We know now that these and kindred beliefs are false. Yet they were once beliefs defended by the Church—the inheritor of divine truth—with banishment, torture and death.

While the "truth" of two thousand years ago has been dissolving under dispute and doubt, a new body of truth has been forming and strengthening. It is the truth which the Churches, from the days of Galileo, have sought to slay—the truth we gain from the patient study of our bodies, our minds, the earth beneath us, the stars above us. Each generation has added to the mosaic of science and made firmer and clearer the message that knowledge bears for the guidance of human endeavour.

Pilate's question may never be fully answered. But we have at last set our feet on the path that leads to the answer.

*R. P. A. 'Facts for the Millions'*

## THE FREE-THINKERS' ASSOCIATION

### MADURA.

The weekly meeting of the Madura Free Thinkers' Association was held on the evening of the 14th instant in Sri Meenakshi Vidyasala Buildings, under the presidency of Mr. I. Rangaswami Naidu, B. A., B. L., Advocate, Madura. Mr. S. S. Bharati, B. A., B. L., Advocate, delivered an address on "The Tyranny of Customs." The lecturer, after explaining the words, tyranny and custom, referred to many queer and absurd customs prevalent in the land, and criticised the efforts made to revive those absurd customs and criticised the speech delivered by the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Brahmana Conference. He appealed to the audience to get rid of these absurd customs. Mr. A. K. Menon, B. A., B. L., related to the illogical and unreasonable social and religious customs working havoc in present society and said that the epoch-making conference held at Chingleput had given to the world a correct lead for reforms in this direction.

The day for privileges and exclusive claims is gone. The duty of every aristocrat is to dig its own grave, and sooner the better.

—Sethupathi Vignakesan.



## Latest Social Developments.

Mr. A. Ramasami Mudaliar's Lecture.

We extract the following from the presidential address of Mr. A. Ramasami Mudaliar, at the first anniversary of the Dr. T. M. Nair Literary Association, which was celebrated on the 15th April at the Gokhale Hall:

The subject, Mr. Mudaliar began, on which he had intended to speak was, "The Latest Social Developments". The present age, he said, was one when vast social developments were quite the order of the day. All over the world the existing social systems were being rebuilt. In Turkey, old social systems were being ruthlessly set aside, and the country and its people were adjusting themselves to the new conditions brought about by the genius of that great Dictator, Mustapha Kamal Pasha. What had happened in Turkey was happening, and was bound to happen in India also, despite all that could be said by obscurantists, who took their stand on the immutable customs and traditions of the past. During the past 20 years, incessant change, active and uninterrupted, had been the feature of the social life of this country. That man ought to be made happier than he is, that that great democratic ideal, which was so incessantly preached in the political world, should also be translated into the social world, that equality of men and women should be recognized and the fairness of dealing towards each other ought to be the attribute of the social system—these were the ideals with which these social changes had been worked out.

### AN OBSOLETE SYSTEM.

Time was 35 or 40 years ago when mysteries and mysteriousness were the order of the day, when the Hindu often got himself converted into other religions, when even the educated, had with great difficulty to be brought to a sense of the greatness of his own religion and the purity of his own soul. But that time had passed. People were now firm in their belief in the greatness of their religion, and the strength and future of their society, provided it was welded and organized into a whole. Men who had swept away from their lives every tenet of Varnashrama Dharma, who did not know their own religion, who had not studied their own social customs, who had some vague idea that somewhere in the Code of Manu some talk there was that this caste was superior and that caste was inferior, men who made a religious fetish of every little thing—these were not the men who were going to strengthen the Hindu religion and their social system.

That a system which had done immense injury should be replaced by a system more human, more touching, having a better faith in each other, and in those who composed society, would be the desire of everyone who wanted to

see progress. Those orthodox gentlemen who were trying to prevent the logical development of Hindu society by threats to electioneering prospects, by cajolery and by all sorts of tricks—the sooner they realized the fact that every reasoned and reasoning individual, whatever his caste might be, was up in arms against a state of society which permitted degradation of individuals merely because of birth, the better it would be for them.

### THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

The lecturer next referred to the position of women in Hindu society which was not all that was desirable. And he was doubtful whether women got that treatment which they were entitled to. Nowadays people enthused over the feminine characteristics of Hindu mythology. But the present-day treatment of women was at so much variance with its ideals and the conception expounded in the Puranas. Socially they had no place, and from a financial point of view, they were nowhere. The boy was entitled to a share in the father's property; but the daughter, even if she was the sole surviving heir and her father a millionaire, got nothing but a small share of that property. The result was that every social principle and dogma being based on religion, religion suffered.

Therefore, social reformers could not be blamed if they attacked religion in their over-anxiety to reform society. If people could not realize the great evil they were creating in the country by intermixing religion in social matters, if they had not got the grim determination like Mustapha Kemal Pasha in Turkey to separate the spiritual from the secular matters, then they could not be said to be true representatives of the Hindu religion which they professed to be.

Turning back to the subject of the treatment of women in Hindu society, the speaker drew attention to the narrow groove of moral and ethical principles in which women were made to move. Child marriages were encouraged, resulting in child widows who were compelled to live the rest of their life in austere devotion to a husband whom, perhaps, they had never seen. Whereas in the case of the husband, the very second day after the death of his wife, he ought to speak of the possibility of a second wife—otherwise, it was considered inauspicious. Taking the case of a widow, it did not matter how near and dear she was, but once she became a widow, she was an inauspicious being for ever. A society which tolerated such ideas required thorough reform. Society could never improve unless these ideas were blotted out of men's minds altogether.

### TEMPLE ENTRY.

Regarding the question of temple entry, Mr. Mudaliar declared that it was going to become the very biggest problem for the Hindu Society in the very near future. The movement







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